

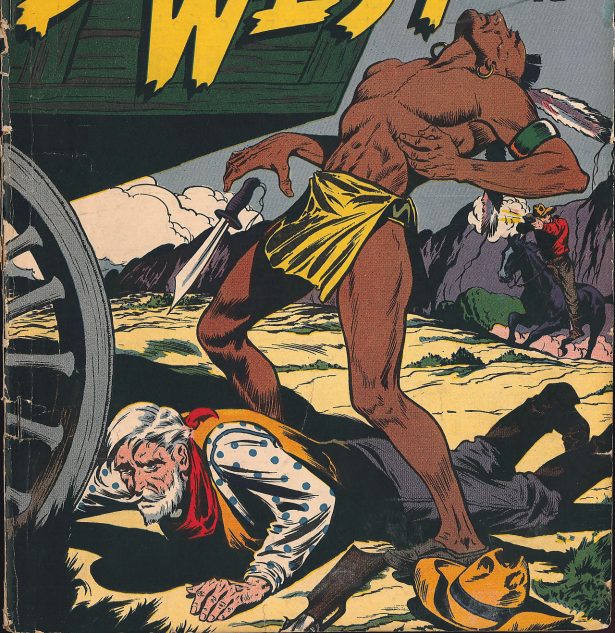
No 3

JAN.-FEB.

BLAZING WEST

IND.

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. A-100
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City State

INJUN JONES

THE CAMP'S
AWFULLY QUIET,
INJUN! DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME
THIS WAS THE
DAY WHEN THE
TRIBE STARTED
ITS BIG
HUNT?

CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT, VICKIE! THERE ISN'T
EVEN A HORSE IN
SIGHT! RECKON WE
BETTER FIND OUT
WHY!

*THE FIGHTING FRONTIER OF
THE OLD WEST KNEW MANY
STRANGE STORIES...BUT NONE
STRANGER THAN THAT OF INJUN
JONES, A WHITE MAN REARED
BY SAVAGE REDSKINS! FOLLOW
HIM IN HIS GREATEST ADVENTURE
AS HE PITS THE STRENGTH AND
CUNNING OF THE WILDS AGAINST
THE MOST AMAZING PLOT IN
ARIZONA'S BLOOD-STAINED
HISTORY!*

INJUN JONES!
TRIBE WELCOME
YOU, MY SON!

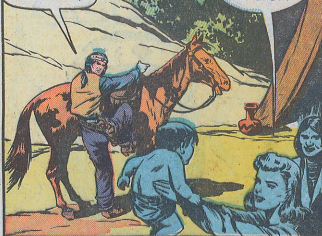
GREETINGS, OH CHIEF!
WHAT OF YOUR HUNT
AND HORSES? WHAT
HAS HAPPENED?

HORSES LEAVE
RANGE...CAN
NO FIND! NO
HUNT WITHOUT
HORSES...VERY
BAD FOR MY
PEOPLE!

MOST OF THOSE
HORSES ARE HALF-
WILD...BUT SOME
ARE TAME! THEY
WOULDN'T ALL
SKEEDADLE
WITHOUT A
REASON!

RECKON I'D BETTER
TRY TO TRACK THOSE
BRONCS! MIND WAIT-
IN', VICKIE?

OF COURSE
NOT, INJUN
...BUT BE
CAREFUL!



Miles beyond...

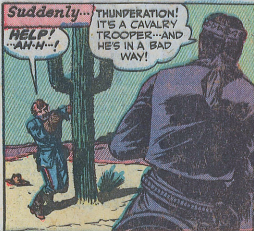
I MAY FIND 'EM
SOONER THAN I
EXPECTED! THAT
WIDE SWIRL OF
DUST MEANS
HORSES!



Suddenly...

HELP!
...AH-H...!

THUNDERATION!
IT'S A CAVALRY
TROOPER...AND
HE'S IN A BAD
WAY!



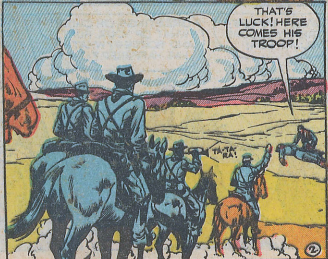
EASY,
SERGEANT!
LET'S GET IN
THE SHADE
AN' HAVE
SOME
WATER!



BULLET WOUNDS!
BUT WHO'D BUSHWHACK
A SOLDIER?



THAT'S
LUCK! HERE
COMES HIS
TROOP!



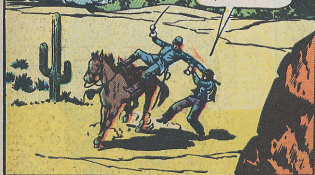
GLAD YUH
GOT HERE,
CAPTAIN!
HE'S BADLY
WOUNDED!

**YUH
MURDERIN'
HALFBREED!**

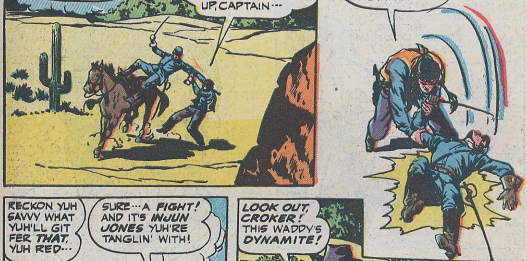
SO YOU INJUNS DON'T
LIKE THE IDEE OF
THE CAVALRY
REMOUNT
SERVICE
ROUNDIN' UP
YER HORSES.
EH? TAKE
THAT!



IF YUH THINK THAT
UNIFORM GIVES YUH
THE RIGHT TO ACT
UP, CAPTAIN---



...IT'S TIME YUH
GOT DOWN TO
EARTH!

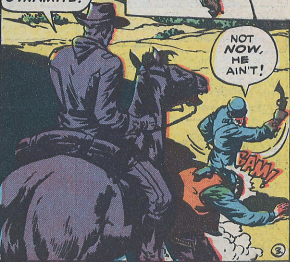


RECKON YUH
SAVVY WHAT
YUH'LL GIT
FER THAT,
YUH RED---

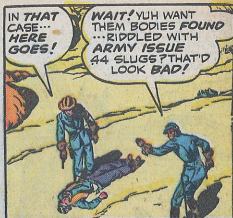
**SURE---A FIGHT!
AND IT'S INJUN
JONES YUH'RE
TANGLIN' WITH!**



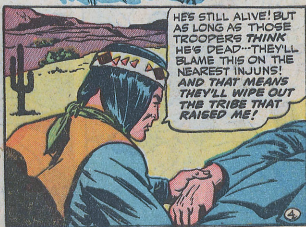
**LOOK OUT,
CROKER!
THIS WADDY'S
DYNAMITE!**



**NOT
NOW,
HE
AIN'T!**



BY THE WAY...I WANT YOU BONEHEADS TO REMEMBER YORE DISCIPLINE! I'M CAPTAIN CROKER...SAVVY? LET'S MOVE!



I'VE GOT TO GET THE SERGEANT TO THE INJUN CAMP! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR THE TRIBE TO PROVE THEIR INNOCENCE...AND THAT'S BY SAVING HIS LIFE!



THROUGH THE MERCILESS DESERT...MILE AFTER MILE...

NINE MORE MILES! IF I STOP...JUST ONCE...I'M LICKED...!



TOWARD EVENING...

INJUN JONES! HIM CARRY OTHER MAN!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! BRING WATER...AND SPREAD OUT SOME BLANKETS!



I THINK WE CAN SAVE HIM, INJUN... BUT IF NOT...!

SPEAK, BROTHER! DID YOU BRING SOLDIER HERE BECAUSE YOU THINK WE SHOOT-UM?



YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, INJUN! THE CHIEF'S BRAVES WOULD NEVER ATTACK A CAVALRYMAN...EVEN IF THE SOLDIERS HAD BEEN ROUNDING UP THEIR HORSES!

IF I CAN REACH THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT RED GULCH SOON ENOUGH...A MESSAGE TO CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS AT FORT WINGATE MAY PREVENT A MASSACRE!

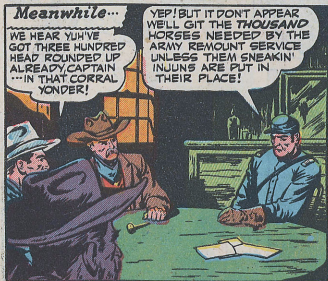
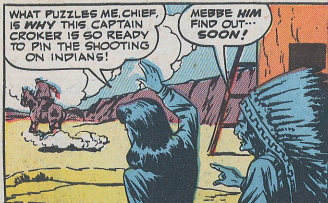
I KNOW THAT, VICKIE! THAT CAVALRYMAN WAS SHOT FAR OUT ON THE DESERT...AND THE TRIBE DIDN'T HAVE A HORSE LEFT TO GET 'EM THERE! BUT I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T CONVINCE CAPTAIN CROKER!

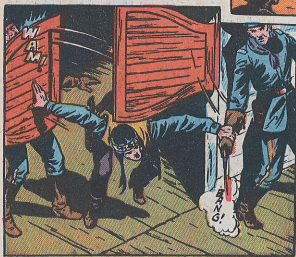


HIS NAME'S SCRATCHED ON THE BACK OF THIS TAG...SERGEANT L.K. TURNER! BUT WHY ARE YOU TAKING HIS INSIGNIA, INJUN?

I'LL SEND IT TO FORT WINGATE ON THE MAIL COACH...TO BACK UP THE ACCOUNT IN MY TELEGRAPH MESSAGE!







WE DON'T AIM TO TANGLE IN ARMY MATTERS, CAPTAIN...BUT WE WANT YUH TO KNOW INJUN'S A FRIEND O' OURS!

YUH MEAN THIS MURDERER? DON'T WORRY...HE'LL GIT A FAIR TRIAL!

TRIAL? YUH DON'T THINK ANY JURY WOULD CONVICT HIM, DO YUH?

NOPE! BUT S'POSE A FAST-MOVIN' WADDY LIKE HIM TRIED TO ESCAPE...

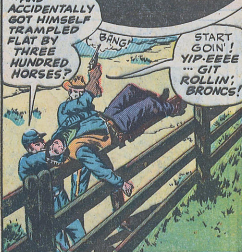


...AND ACCIDENTALLY GOT HIMSELF TRAMPLED FLAT BY THREE HUNDRED HORSES?

BANG!

START GOIN'!
YIP-EEEE
... GIT
ROLLIN',
BRONCS!

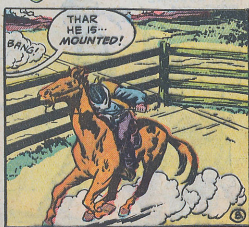
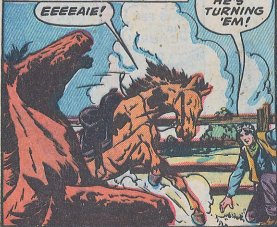
GREAT
HAT...THEY'RE
COMIN'
STRAIGHT
AT ME!



Suddenly...IN THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING HOVES...

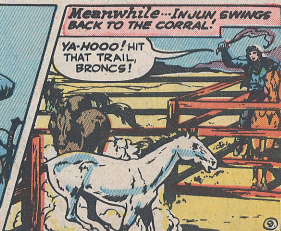
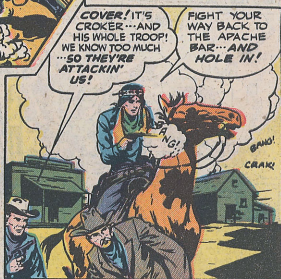
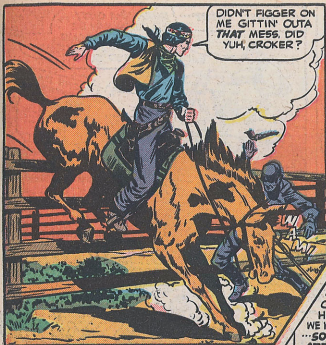
MY
BRONC!
HE'S
TURNING
'EM!

EEEEAAIE!



THAR
HE IS...
MOUNTED!

BANG!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP CROKER NOW...AND IT'S GOT TO BE **SOON!** I'M DRIVIN' THESE BRONCS BACK TO FIGHTIN' MEN WHO CAN USE 'EM... **NOW!**



An hour later...

BURN 'EM OUT!
RED GULCH MAY BE WISE TO OUR GAME...BUT WE'RE **FLATTENIN'** RED GULCH!



They...IN A POUNDING GALLOP...INJUN JONES LEADS HIS BRAVES INTO BATTLE!

THREE OF YOU STOP THAT FIRE! YOU OTHERS...**PILE ONTO 'EM!**

STILL HANKERIN' TO WIPE OUT THE INJUNS, CROKER?

AAAAGH!

YIP-EEEEEE!
YA-HOOOOO!



WE LEARNED RANGE HORSES FETCH A HUNNERT DOLLARS A HEAD IN ST. LOU...THAT'S A WAR ON IN EUROPE! FIGGERED WE COULD RAKE IN A FORTUNE...AFTER AMBUSHIN' A CAVALRY CAMP AN' GRABBIN' THEIR UNIFORMS!

YOU HAD ME FOOLED FOR A WHILE, CROKER! BUT AN OFFICER WOULD **KNOW** THE NAME OF HIS SERGEANT...AN' NOT BE TRICKED INTO CALLIN' HIM **SMITH**...INSTEAD OF **TURNER!**

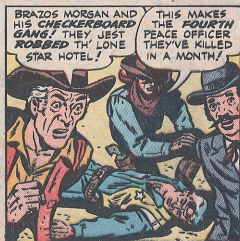
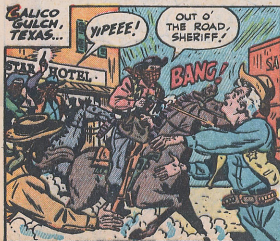
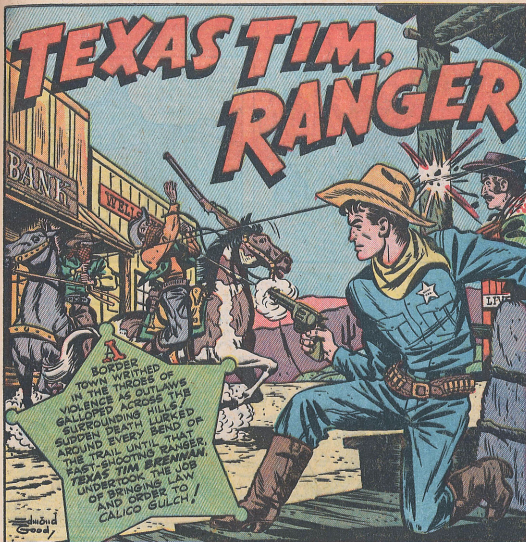
A week later...

THOSE UNIFORMS WOULD HAVE LET CROKER DO PRACTICALLY ANYTHING, INJUN! I CAN THANK YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS FOR STOPPING HIM...AND FOR AVENGING THE AMBUSH OF MY TROOP!

CROKER GAVE ME MY FIRST NOTION SOMETHIN' WAS WRONG, SERGEANT...YAMMERIN' FOR THE BLOOD OF PEACEFUL INJUNS THE CAVALRY IS SUPPOSED TO **PROTECT!**



INJUN JONES! SHARP-EYED...SURE-FOOTED...FAST-DRAWING...AND HE'LL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



DAY AFTER DAY, THE BLAZING GUNS OF THE OUTLAWS BLAST A BLOODY SWATHE ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE—



A FEW WEEKS LATER—TEXAS TIM BRENNAN IS SUMMONED TO RANGER HEADQUARTERS.

YORE MESSAGE SOUNDED MIGHTY URGENT, CHIEF, GOT HERE FAST AS I COULD.

I'LL GIT RIGHT TO THE POINT, TIM! I JEST RECEIVED A FRANTIC PLEA FROM THE CITIZENS O' CALICO GULCH!



THE CHECKERBOARD GANG IS GITTIN' OUT O' HAND! KILLIN', ROBBERY AN' RUSTLIN' ARE COMMON AS BREAKFAST DOWN THAR! SO FAR, FOUR SHERIFFS HAVE BEEN KILLED... AN' TWO QUIT 'CAUSE THE JOB WAS TOO HOT FER 'EM!

'AN THAT MEANS ME, I RECKON! WAAL, I'LL LEAVE PRONTO--I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' TO MEET UP WITH THAT BUNCH!

IT'S TIME THE RANGERS TOOK OVER!

GALLOPING HORSE-HOOVES ECHO ACROSS ROCKY FOOT-HILLS AS TEXAS TIM RIDES ON A BOLD MISSION OF JUSTICE!

TWO MORE DAYS SHOULD BRING ME IN SIGHT O' CALICO GULCH!



TWO DAYS LATER—

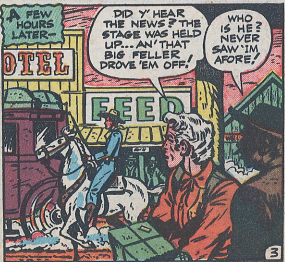
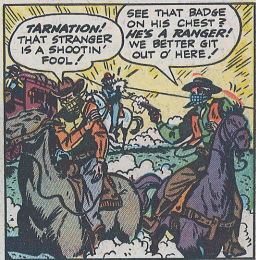
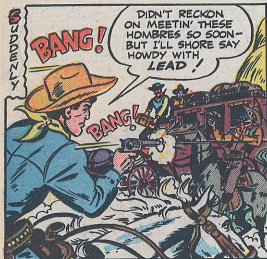
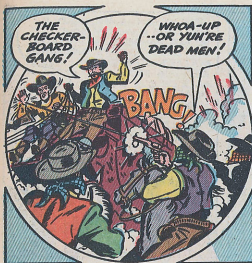
WAAL, LOOKS LIKE THE END O' THE TRAIL! IF I FOLLOW THAT STAGE, IT SHOULD LEAD ME RIGHT INTO TOWN!

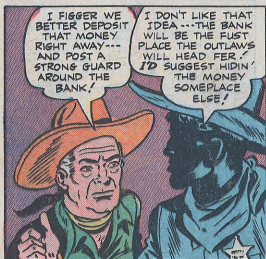
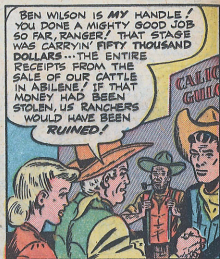


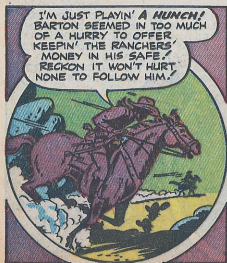
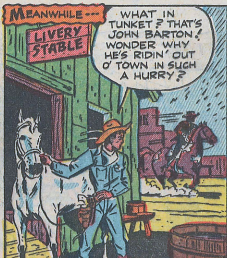
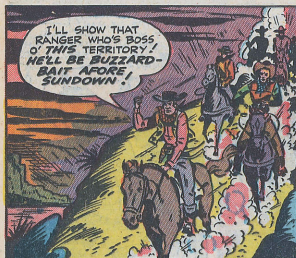
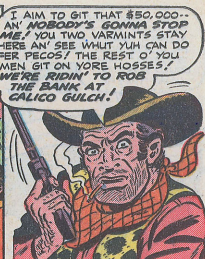
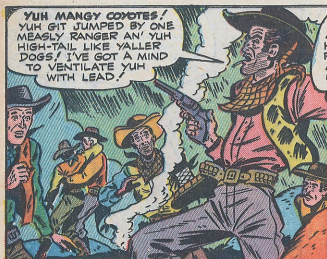
LOOK! THREE RIDERS BLOCKIN' TH' TRAIL AHEAD!

KEEP GOIN'—I GOT A BEAD ON 'EM!





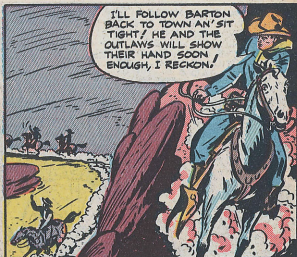




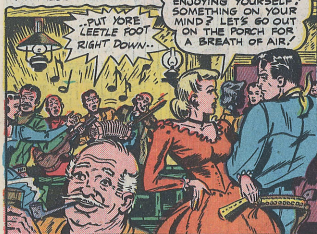
THE CHECKERBOARD GANG!
TOO MANY FER ME TO TACKLE
ALONE! BARTON SEEMS TO BE
ON PURTY GOOD TERMS WITH
'EM, TOO! WISH I
COULD MAKE OUT
WHAT THEY'RE
SAYIN'!



I'LL FOLLOW BARTON
BACK TO TOWN AN' SIT
TIGHT! HE AND THE
OUTLAWS WILL SHOW
THEIR HAND SOON!
ENOUGH, I RECKON.



**THAT NIGHT—THE DANCE
AT WILSON'S RANCH---**



...PUT YORE
LEETLE FOOT
RIGHT DOWN...

YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE
ENJOYING YOURSELF!
SOMETHING ON YOUR
MIND? LET'S GO OUT
ON THE PORCH FOR
A BREATH OF AIR!

YOU'RE A STRANGE,
SILENT TYPE OF MAN!
HAVEN'T YOU
EVER BEEN IN
LOVE, MR.
BRENNAN?

WAAL,
MA'AM...YUH
SEE...I...ER...



DON'T YOU
EVER GET
TIRED OF
TRAVELING
ALONE?

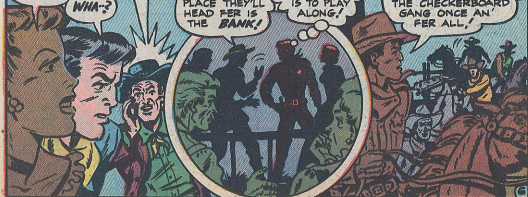
**THE CHECKER-
BOARD GANG!**
THEY'RE HEADIN'
FER TOWN!

WHA-?

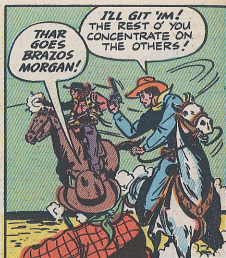
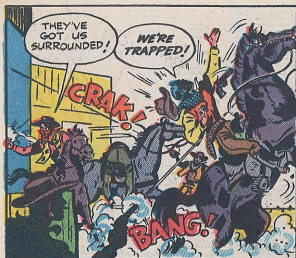
ONE O' MY COW-
HANDS SAW
THE OUTLAWS
CROSSIN' THE
RIDGE! FUST
PLACE THEY'LL
HEAD FER IS
THE BANK!

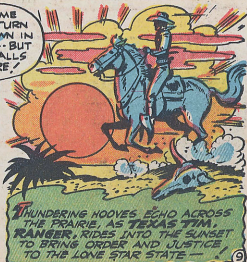
I WONDER
WHAT BARTON'S
UP TO? RECKON
THE ONLY WAY
TO FIND OUT
IS TO PLAY
ALONG!

WE NEED EVERY MAN
WE CAN GIT! MOUNT
YORE HORSES AND
RIDE! NOW'S YORE
CHANCE TO GIT RID O'
THE CHECKERBOARD
GANG ONCE AN'
FER ALL!





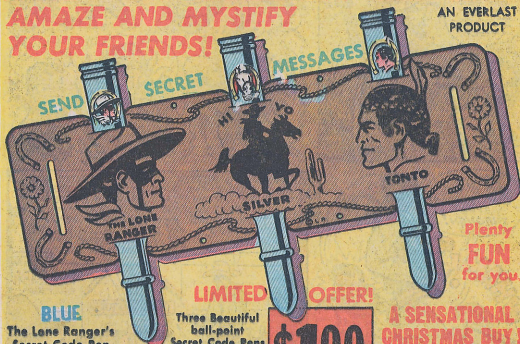




NOW! You Can Get The Official LONE RANGER SECRET CODE PEN SET!

**AMAZE AND MYSTIFY
YOUR FRIENDS!**

AN EVERLAST
PRODUCT



BLUE

The Lone Ranger's
Secret Code Pen

RED

Danger Signal Pen

GREEN

Tonto's Own Pen

PLUS

A handsomely embossed leather scabbard holder **ALL FOUR FOR ONLY**

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OFFER!

\$1.00
For Complete Set

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CHRISTMAS BUY!**

**BE THE FIRST
TO HAVE THIS
WONDERFUL
COMBINATION!**

ACT NOW! RUSH YOUR ORDER!

From.....
Address.....

Enclosed is \$..... Rush Me At
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Secret Code Pen Sets.

Sorry—Our Amazing Price
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Each of the Secret Code pens is shaped like the Lone Ranger's own Silver Bullet. Each one writes with special secret code ink, Danger Red, High-ho Green and Ranger Blue. Write up to three years.

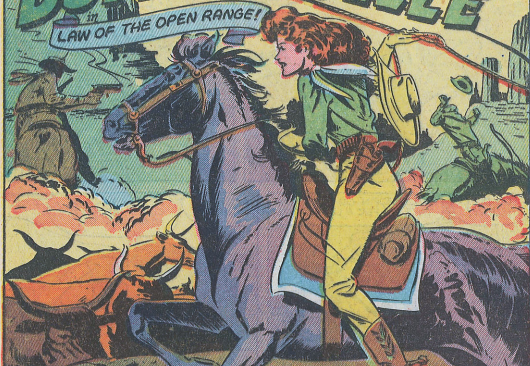
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The Genuine Leather Belt Scabbard Is Beautifully Embossed With Pictures Of The Lone Ranger, his horse Silver, and Tonto, his Faithful Indian Friend. It Can Be Attached Right To Your Belt! **DON'T DELAY — SEND FOR YOURS TODAY!**

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BUFFALO BELLE

LAW OF THE OPEN RANGE!

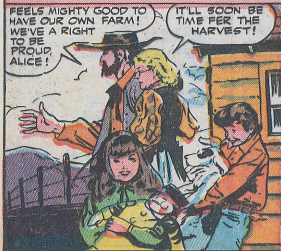


I'M GOIN' TO DRIVE MY HERD THROUGH THE CHEROKEE STRIP AND NOBODY'S STOPPIN' ME! SNARLED PECOS KINKAID...AND SWORE THAT ANYONE WHO STRUNG A FENCE ACROSS THE CATTLE TRAILS WOULD DIE! WHEN THE PEACE OF THE COW COUNTRY ERUPTED INTO VIOLENT WARFARE, BUFFALO BELLE TRENT CHAMPIONED THE CAUSE OF THE HOMESTEADERS AND RECKLESSLY DEFIED THE LAW OF THE OPEN RANGE!

A HOMESTEAD IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP...

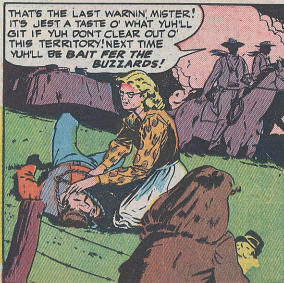
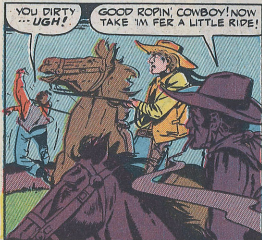
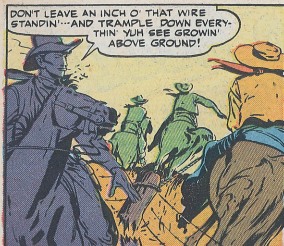
FEELS MIGHTY GOOD TO HAVE OUR OWN FARM! WE'VE A RIGHT TO BE PROUD, ALICE!

IT'LL SOON BE TIME FER THE HARVEST!



SUDDENLY... THEY'RE BREAKIN' DOWN MY FENCES! JEFF! THOSE MEN... LOOK!





THE NEARBY TOWN OF SAGE FLAT...

Y'KNOW, BELLE, I BEEN WATCHIN' THESE HOMESTEADERS COMIN' OUT HERE AND SETTIN' UP FARMS FER THEMSELVES, AND IT'S BEEN GIVIN' ME IDEAS! ER--IF YUH'D A MIND TO, THAT IS, MEBBE WE COULD...

YES, YES, GO ON!



...SO THE RANGE RIDERS BROKE DOWN YORE FENCES AND PLUMB NEAR HANGED YUH, EHT THE ORNERY HORNTADS!

LET'S GO, BELLE! I RECKON WE'LL PAY THEM COW-PUNCHERS A LITTLE VISIT!



WHO'S THE BOSS O' THIS OUTFIT?

I'M THE BOSS! PECOS KINKAID IS MY HANDLE... FROM THE BIG BEND COUNTRY! AIN'T OFTEN WE GIT A PURTY GAL FER COMPANY! GIT OFF YORE HOSSES AND SET A SPELL!



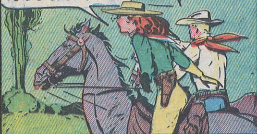
GOL DURN! HYAR COMES JEFF TATUM, A-RIDIN' LIKE THE DEVIL WAS CHASIN' HIM!

SHERIFF HANLEY! SHERIFF HANLEY!



WHEN YUH MADE ME YORE DEPUTY, LUKE, I SWORE I'D DO ALL IN MY POWER TO PROTECT THESE HOMESTEADERS... AN' I AIM TO DO JEST THAT!

THAR'S THE COW CAMP... YONDER IN THAT CLUMP O' COTTONWOODS!



THIS AIN'T NO SOCIAL CALL, MISTER! YORE RANGE RIDERS HAVE BEEN GIVIN' THE LOCAL HOMESTEADERS SOME PURTY ROUGH TREATMENT! IT'S GOT TO STOP... AN' PRONTO!

HOLD ON, SHERIFF! DON'T YOU GO BLAMIN' MY BOYS... THEY'VE BEEN OUT WITH THE HERD ALL DAY... STILL OUT THAR, IN FACT!

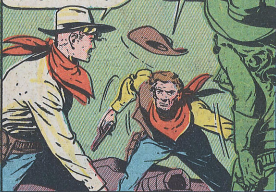


BUT I'LL TELL YUH THIS! WERE ONLY STOPPIN' HYAR TO REST OUR LONGHORNS! BY SUN-UP TOMORROW WE'RE STARTIN' TO MOVE AGAIN...AN' FENCES OR ANY-THIN' ELSE AINT GOIN' TO STOP US! THAT'S THE LAW O' THE OPEN RANGE!



I'M WARNIN' YUH TO DETOUR AROUND THIS TERRITORY! IF YUH BUST DOWN JEST ONE MORE FENCE, YUH'RE GOIN' TO MEET WITH A HEAP O' TROUBLE!

I DON'T LIKE YORE TALK, PODNER! NOW GIT--OR REACH FER LEATHER!



GULP!

GANG!



THE DIRTY SIDEWINDER! GIT 'IM, BOYS!

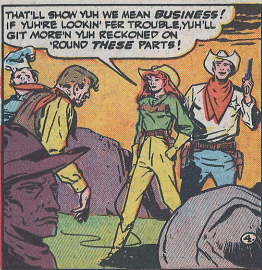
UNLIMBER THAT WHIP, BELLE! PRONTO!



WHAT THE...!

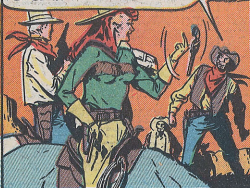
OW-WW!

CRACK!



THAT'LL SHOW YUH WE MEAN BUSINESS! IF YUH'RE LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE, YUH'LL GIT MORE'N YUH RECKONED ON 'ROUND THESE PARTS!

YOU AIN'T HEARD THE LAST O' THIS! THE REST O' MY BOYS WILL BE BACK AFORE SUN-UP, AND I'M A-WARNIN' YUH... **WE'RE GOIN' TO BUST THROUGH EVERY FENCE IN THIS TERRITORY!**



WE GOT A WAR ON OUR HANDS, BELLE!

LOOKS LIKE IT! WE'VE GOT TILL MORNIN' TO ROUND UP THE HOMESTEADERS FER THE SHOWDOWN!



Later...

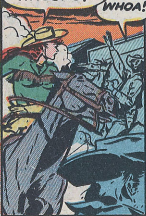
LOOK! THE HOMESTEADERS ARE MOVIN' OUT!

THE FOOLS! WE CANT LET 'EM DO IT! WE'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM!



STOP! YUH CANT DO THIS! STOP THE WAGONS!

WHOA!



JEFF TATUM! ARE YOU ARE YOU CRAWLIN' OUT FROM UNDER, TOO?

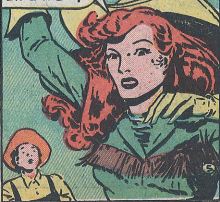
YES, MA'AM! I GOT MY FAMILY TO THINK ABOUT! I'M GITTIN' OUT O' THIS TERRITORY AFORE I'M PLOWED UNDER WITH A BULLET!

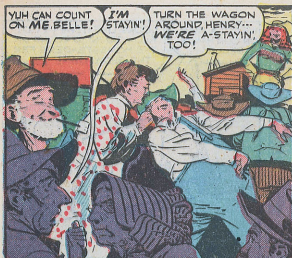


LISTEN TO ME! YUH CAME OUT HERE TO THE CHEROKEE STRIP TO BUILD HOMES FER YORE FAMILIES! MOST OF YUH WERE DOIN' FINE, TOO! AND NOW THE FUST TIME A PACK O' COYOTES ORDERS YUH TO MOVE OUT, YUH RUN AWAY LIKE YALLER DOGS! I'M ASHAMED OF YUH!



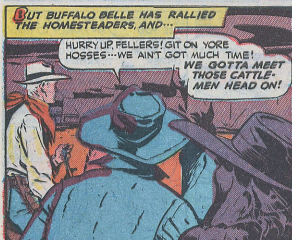
IF YUH LEAVE NOW, YUH'LL LOSE EVERY THIN' YUH WORKED SO HARD FOR! AREN'T THERE ANY AMONG YUH WHO'LL STAND UP AN' FIGHT FER YORE RIGHTS LIKE MEN?

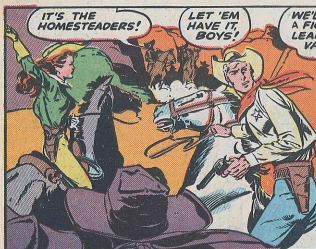




EARLY NEXT MORNING...

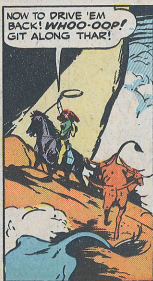
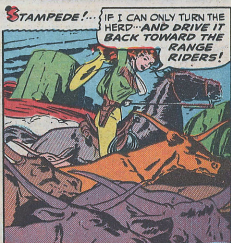
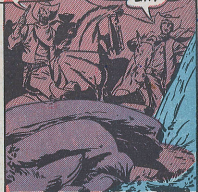
IT'S ALMOST DAWN, RED! BETTER RUSTLE THE BOYS OUT O' THAR BLANKETS! WE'RE DRIVIN' OUR COWS THROUGH EVERY FENCE IN THIS COUNTRY, AN NO HOMESTEADERS'LL STAND IN **OUR** WAY!

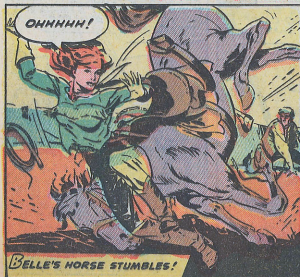
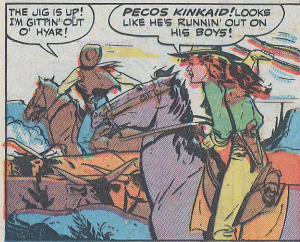
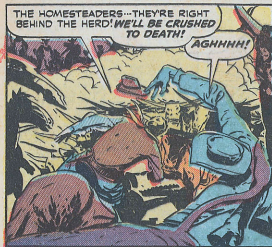


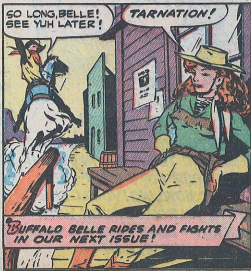
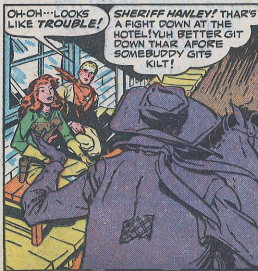
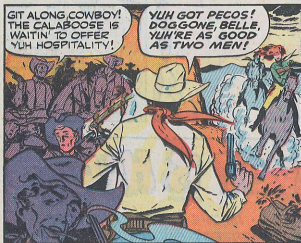


WE'LL SHOW 'EM WHAT A FIGHT IS! POUR LEAD INTO THE VARMINTS!

AIN'T GOIN' TO BE NO PICNIC, KINKAID...THAR'S MOREN A HUNDRED OF 'EM!







**The Most Popular
Package at *any* Party**

LOOK
FOR THE
SURPRISE
NOVELTY IN
EVERY BOX



THE
MORE YOU
EAT - THE
MORE YOU
WANT

BEST
TREAT OF
ALL, ON A
HALLOWE'EN
CALL

IT'S
CRISPY
CRUNCHY
CANDY COATED
POPCORN
WITH
PEANUTS

HEY, FOLKS!

KILROY IS HERE!

... IN THE GAYEST, GIDDIEST,
GREATEST COMICS MAGAZINE
YOU'VE EVER READ! IT'S

The **KILROYS**

... THAT NEW, NOVEL TEEN-AGE
FUNFEST THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH
LAFFING! IT'S The **KILROYS** ...
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY!

DON'T MISS
The **KILROYS**

...FEATURING NATCH, THE MOST
TERRIFIC TEENSTER IN TOWN!
GET YOUR COPY NOW... AND
START HOWLING! YOU'LL LIVE
WITH KILROY... LAUGH WITH
KILROY... LOVE WITH KILROY!
IT'S ALL IN ...

The **KILROYS**

America's Funniest Family!

Fanged DEATH

BUD KELTON was white with anger as he rode through the woods which separated his small and struggling ranch from the large property of his wealthy neighbor, Will Johnson. It was all right for Johnson to want to buy him out for the rich grazing territory which Bud's spread contained—but to try to force him to sell for a low price by a continual sabotage was too much! It had started with his cattle being rustled. Then his fences were cut—and finally, just this morning, he had found thirty cows dead of poisoning! Although there was no proof, Bud Kelton knew who was behind it all, and was on his way to charge Johnson with the guilt.

Anger, however, hadn't dulled Bud's hearing, and he reined his horse in sharply as the clinking of a chain came to him, along with the low moan of an animal in pain. Then he saw what it was—a huge and fierce-looking puma, caught fast in a strong trap. He was in a bad way, his forepaw badly torn and mangled, and his terrible condition pointed to days of anguish in the trap's steely grip. There was no one else who could have set the trap but Johnson—no one so cruel as not to investigate and mercifully kill the trap's struggling occupant. True, a puma was a fierce and marauding beast, but it didn't deserve torture like this. Best to put the sorely-wounded creature out of its misery! Spurring his frightened and rearing horse to closer quarters, Bud drew his gun and took careful aim. Strange—the big puma had ceased its struggles, and was looking back at him with a strange dignity, a steadfast courage! Bud's finger wavered on the trigger. It was crazy, but he couldn't bring himself to shoot! "Golly!" he muttered angrily. "I always *was* a sucker fer animals! In-

stead o' bein' sorry fer *him*, I had oughta start thinkin' about the mavericks an' pore defenseless critters the varmint's killed!"

Once again Bud tried to fire—and once again, the puma's unswerving glance stopped him. "I cain't *leave* him here like this," the puzzled man murmured, "but how kin I let him outa that trap? Sure, everyone knows them big cats are cowards, an' won't attack a grown man—but this one's cornered! If I go near him, he'll turn on me sure!"

It meant taking his life in his hands—but Bud Kelton wasn't one to flinch from danger when his sympathies were aroused. The appeal in the fierce beast's eyes had hit home. Gingerly he approached him—and the puma merely lay still, awaiting his coming. Now Bud's hands were on the trap, and still not a hostile motion. With an intelligence that was almost human, the mountain lion awaited its release, then fell back panting heavily with the pain of its cruel wounds. Bud had gone this far—he might as well go all the way! Carefully, gently, expecting each moment to leap from the path of its rending claws, he washed out the puma's wounds with water from his canteen, then bandaged them with strips torn from his shirt. There wasn't a chance in the world that the animal would recover, but as it limped weakly into the underbrush, it turned to look at him. "If I didn't know he was just an ornery varmint, I'd think he was tryin' to say 'thank you!'" Bud said, then mounted and proceeded on his interrupted course towards Will Johnson's ranchhouse. He had a score to settle there, so he promptly forgot the puma.

Johnson gave him little satisfaction. "So yore herds have been rustled, yore fences cut an' yore cows poisoned!" jeer-

ed the big ranch-owner. "What about it? Can't prove I had anythin' to do with it, kin yuh? Now git out—unless yuh've changed yore mind about sellin' out to me!" And so, simmering with rage, Bud left, hurling back over his shoulder the threat that when he *did* get the necessary proof of Johnson's guilt, he'd crack down—but plenty!

Two months passed, with the mysterious assaults against Bud's spread continuing unabated. Then finally Johnson slipped—and Bud knew he had the evidence he required. In the smoldering ruins of a burned-out bunkhouse, he found Johnson's expensive monogrammed pistol, the odor of kerosene still heavy upon it. He lost no time in riding to his enemy's ranch and charging him with his guilt. Johnson's face whitened as he saw his pistol and heard Bud's announced intention to ride to the sheriff with the proof which would convict him. Wheeling towards three of his cowhands who stood behind him in the big ranch living-room, he yelled "*Git him! We're all sunk if he gits to the sheriff with that evidence!*"

Bud knew he was in for it now. He should never have come here alone! In a lightning motion, he drew, his fast shot downing the cowhand who had fired at him. Then a pistol exploded, and he felt his gun driven from his grasp. He was unarmed now—only fast flight could save him! With a crash, he dived headlong through the window, and into his saddle. But Johnson and the two remaining cow-

hands took up the pursuit and gained steadily on him. Hoping to shake them off, he headed for the forest, and had already reached the outlying trees when a bullet caught his horse, sending him crashing to the earth. He was on the ground, half-dazed, when his pursuers surrounded him. With an evil laugh, Johnson raised his gun, taking careful aim. It was all over with poor Bud!

But the fatal shot was never fired. From an overhanging branch there came a tawny streak as a huge and powerful mountain lion catapulted into fighting action. Rending claws and snapping fangs drove Johnson from his saddle. It was the giant puma that Bud had saved from the trap, conquering his fear and distrust of men and paying back an old debt! There was a thud as Johnson's pistol fell from his nerveless grasp, and Bud leaped upon it. He had two armed henchmen to account for, and he thanked heaven for his steady nerves and keen eye. Two fast shots put them out of the battle, and quickly he turned toward Johnson. But there was no need; no danger. The villainous ranch-owner was dead, dispatched by the fighting puma's talons and deadly fangs. And the puma was loping into the forest, his head turned towards Bud. "Leapin' coyotes!" Bud muttered. "I'd o' liked to settle Johnson's hash myself, but since *you* did it fer me, pal—*thanks!*"

He grinned—and the puma, vanishing into the forest, seemed to grin back!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 2, 1953 AND JULY 2, 1946

OF BLAZING WEST, published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1948 State of New York County of New York: ss

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes, who, having been duly sworn according to law depose and says that he is the Editor of BLAZING WEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 2, 1953, and July 2, 1946 (Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor and Business Manager are: Publisher, B. & J. Publishing Co., Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 W. 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, same; Business Manager, Frederick H. Iger, 211 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.

2 That the owner is: B. & J. Publishing Co., Inc. 45 West 45th

St., New York, N. Y.; B. W. Singer, 1 West 41st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 211 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) Richard E. Hughes Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1948.

Nat C. Sheppan, Notary Public (Commission expires Mar. 30, 1949)

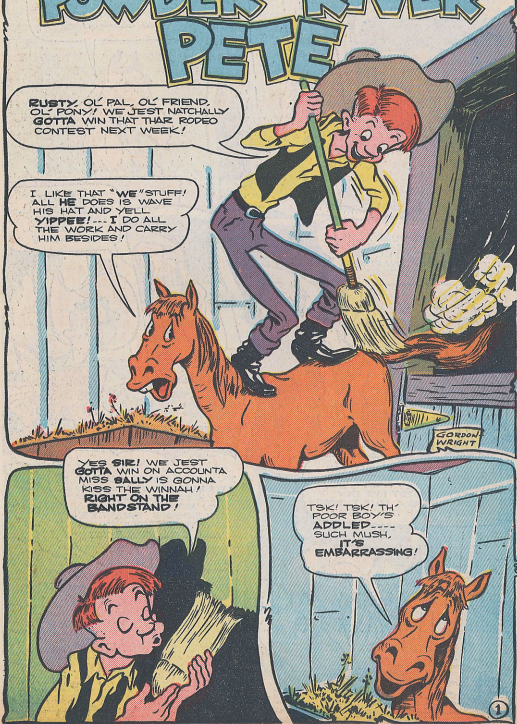
POWDER RIVER PETE

RUSTY, OL' PAL, OL' FRIEND,
OL' PONY! WE JEST NATCHALLY
GOTTA WIN THAT THAR RODEO
CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

I LIKE THAT "WE" STUFF!
ALL HE DOES IS WAVE
HIS HAT AND YELL
YIPPEE!... I DO ALL
THE WORK AND CARRY
HIM BESIDES!

YES SIR! WE JEST
GOTTA WIN ON ACCOUNTA
MISS SALLY IS GONNA
KISS THE WINNAH!
RIGHT ON THE
BANDSTAND!

TSK! TSK! TH'
POOR BOY'S
ADDLED---
SUCH MUSH,
IT'S
EMBARRASSING!



AH DON'T FIGGER TO HAVE NO TROUBLE A- WINNIN', 'CAUSE THEY'RE GONNA JUDGE MAINLY ON **ROUGH RIDIN'** AND **GOOD LOOKS!**

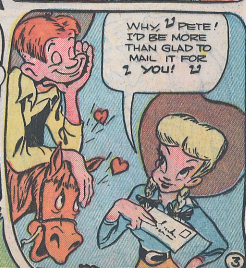
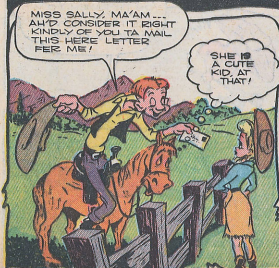
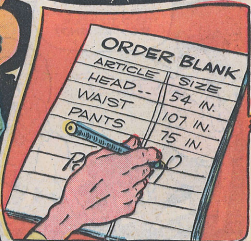
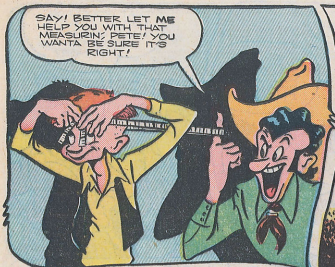
GOOD LOOKS!!!
THAT'S ALL, BROTHER!
THAT MEANS I'LL BE DOIN' ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHIN'! WE COULDN'T WIN EVEN IF "HALF-AN-EYE JONES" WAS JUDGE!

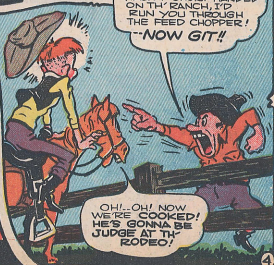
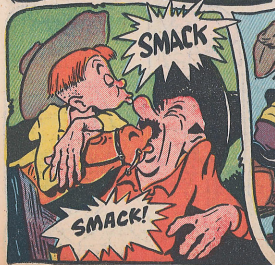
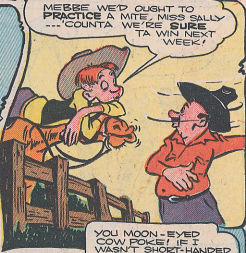
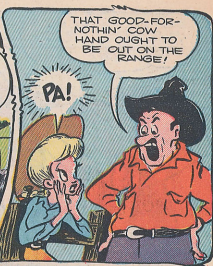
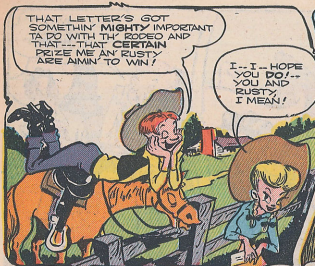
JEST TA MAKE SURE, AH'M A-GONNA GIT ME A BRAN' NEW OUTFIT! AH'LL BE TH' **FANCIEST COW POKE** WEST O' TH' **PECOS!**

HI THAR, JASPER! ALL SET FER TH' **BIG RODEO CONTEST?**

AH'M A-GONNA GIT ME A BRAN' NEW OUTFIT BY MAIL ORDER! IT'LL SURE ENOUGH COST ME SIX MONTHS' PAY, BUT I JEST GOTTA WIN THAT KISS!

I'VE GOT SOME IDEAS MYSELF ABOUT WINNIN' THE KISS AND THE **GAL** TOO! AFTER ALL, SHE'S THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER-- AND THIS WHOLE RANCH WILL BE **HERS** SOME DAY!





THE
GREAT DAY



IS HERE!

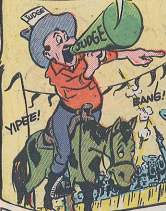
HONEY TA HOE CAKE!
HERE SHE IS RUSTY!
MAH NEW GIT-UP!
OOOH, BOY!

MAYBE WE'VE
GOT A CHANCE
AFTER ALL!

WHO TURNED
OUT THE
LIGHTS?

HOLY COW!
THIS COULD
ONLY HAPPEN
TO US!

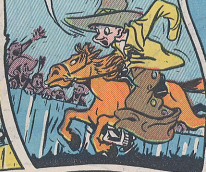
LADIES AND GENTS!
THE FIRST EVENT---
"BULL-DOGGIN'!"



IT'S NOW OR
NEVAH, RUSTY, OL'
PAL, OL' HOSS!
LET'S GO!!

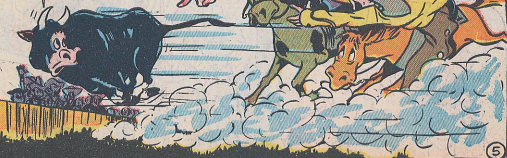
YIPPEE!

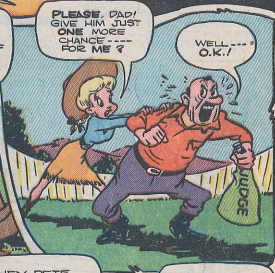
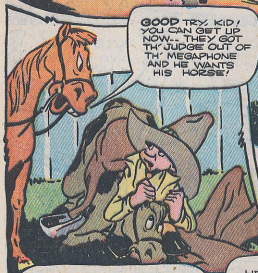
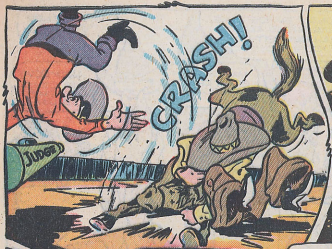
--WHUP! THAR GOES
TH' LIGHTS AGIN'!

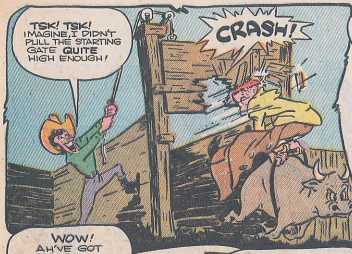


AH CAIN'T SEE
NOTHIN', BUT AH
HEARS TH' MIGHTY
"THUNDERIN' O"
HOOVES! HERE
AH GOES!

LOOK OUT,
YOU FOOL!
TH' STEER'S
OVER THERE!





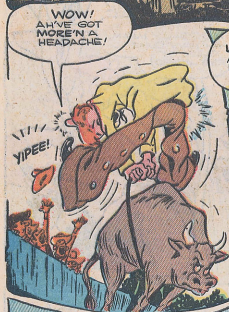


TSK! TSK!
IMAGINE, I DIDN'T
PULL THE STARTING
GATE QUITE
HIGH ENOUGH!

CRASH!



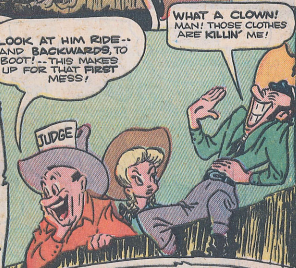
AH SEEMS TA BE A-
GOIN', 'STEAD OF A-
COMIN'! IT'S GIVIN'
ME A SLIGHT
HEADACHE!



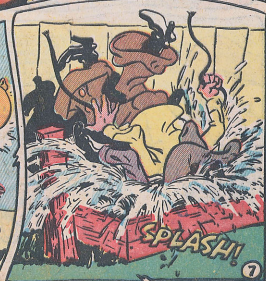
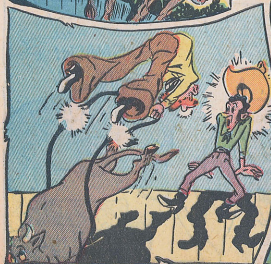
WOW!
AH'VE GOT
MORE'N A
HEADACHE!

YIPPEE!

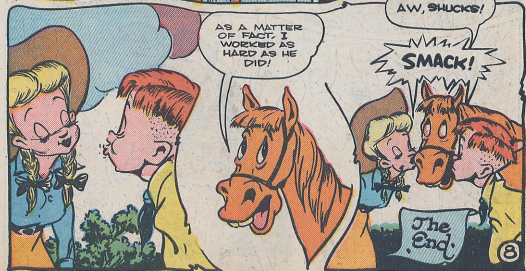
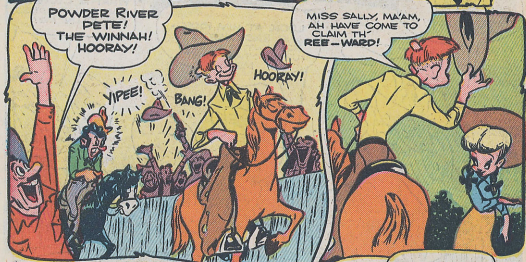
LOOK AT HIM RIDE--
AND BACKWARDS, TO
BOOT!--THIS MAKES
UP FOR THAT FIRST
MESS!



WHAT A CLOWN!
MAN! THOSE CLOTHES
ARE KILLIN' ME!



SPLASH!



TENDERFOOT

MARGE...LOOK!
GET AWAY
FROM THE
EDGE!

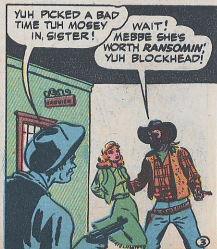
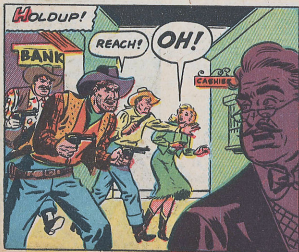
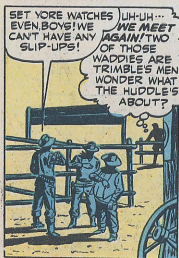
TOO BAD WE HAD TO
WAIT UNTIL THE SECOND
DAY OF THE CANYON
CITY CATTLE AUCTION.
TENDERFOOT! THINK
WE'LL FIND ANY GOOD
STEERS LEFT?

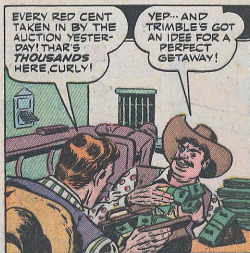
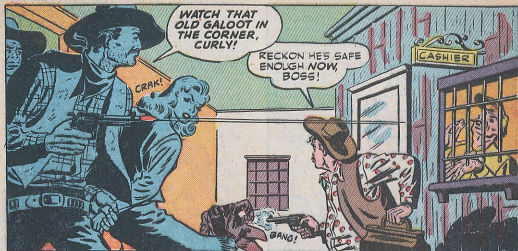
TENDERFOOT! THAT'S
A FIGHTING WORDPARDNER--
IF A TENDERFOOT *COULD*
FIGHT! IT'S THE LAST
THING A BAND OF HARD-
BITTEN OUTLAWS EX-
PECT--UNTIL THEY FIND
THEMSELVES OUT-GUNNED
AND OUT-SLUGGED IN
ANOTHER RIP-ROARING
EPISODE OF THE OLD
WEST!

W-WHOA! HEAVENS
...I'M FALLING!

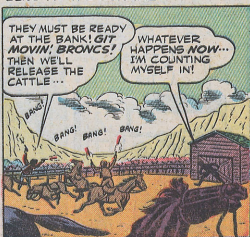
EASY,
MARGE!

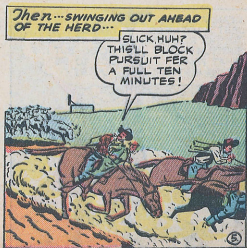
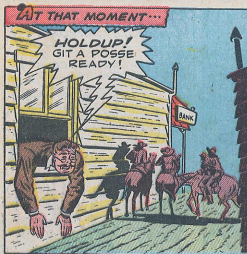
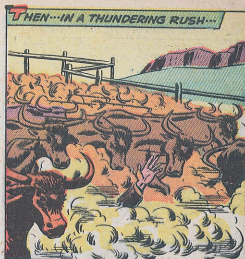
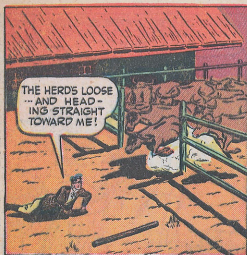






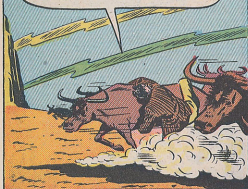
AND AT THE CORRAL...





BUT AT THE HEAD OF THE MAD RUSH...

I USED TO THINK LEARNING RODEO TRICKS WAS A WASTE OF TIME... BUT THIS ONE SAVED MY LIFE!



GREAT GUNS...THOSE OUTLAWS HAVE MARGE! GOOD THING THIS HORSE RAN ALONG WITH THE HERD!



THEY'VE BEEN JOINED BY THOSE THREE WADDIES AT THE CORRAL! BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I'VE FIGURED A WAY TO HANDLE ALL THOSE KILLERS...WITH-
OUT A GUN!



AN HOUR LATER...IN A REMOTE CANYON...

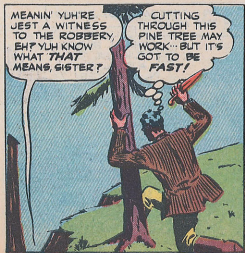
NOW THAT WE'RE DIVVYIN' UP ...WE MIGHT AS WELL COUNT IN THE RANSOM WE'LL GIT FER YOU!

YOU MIGHT HAVE SAVED YOURSELF THE TROUBLE! EVERY CENT I OWN HAS BEEN SUNK IN THE CARTER RANCH!



MEANIN' YUH'RE JEST A WITNESS TO THE ROBBERY, EH? YUH KNOW WHAT **THAT** MEANS, SISTER?

CUTTING THROUGH THIS PINE TREE MAY WORK...BUT IT'S GOT TO BE **FAST!**



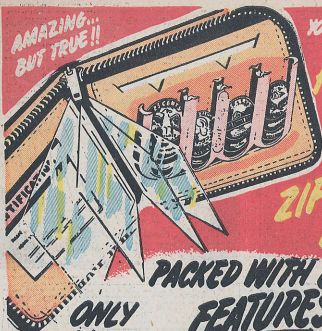
STAND BACK AGAINST THEM ROCKS, SISTER ...AND START **PRAYIN'!**

HE'S READY TO FIRE! I CAN'T LOSE ANOTHER SECOND!





AMAZING...
BUT TRUE!!



YOU CAN GET THESE

HAND
COLORED

COIN HOLDER

ZIPPER
BILLFOLDS

PACKED WITH EXPENSIVE
FEATURES

ONLY
\$1.98

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Now appear in the
Antel and Big Boy
Big Boy again.
Leathercraft wallet
comes to you from
the heart of the
leather goods in-
dustry, making this
low price possible.

INCLUDING
A PATENTED
SECRET
POCKET

AT NO EXTRA
COST

Hand colored scene extends the
full length of the wallet!



It's a fact! You get this beautiful coin
holder, feature packed wallet by mail
for only \$1.98! Each wallet is saddle
finished, gorgeously embossed and
hand colored with colors that won't
run off! Each has a quality, smooth-
sliding zipper that completely seals the
wallet! And here are the big \$2.00
— patented "charge maker" coin
holder plus the most mysterious secret
pocket ever made — to hide your
"wasteful" papers and money from pry-
ing eyes.

JUST LOOK
...AT THESE
FEATURES!!

- Patented Coin Holder • Patented Secret Pocket
- Smooth-sliding zipper • Beautifully hand-colored scene
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- Built-in sleepers • 4 photos and glass windows



There's the perfect gift for her
or all, young or woman. Choose
the scene that best expresses
his or her personality. And
remember—every scene is
gorgeously hand colored to
add interest in a different
color. What a gift!
What a bargain!

SEND NO
MONEY
ORDER NOW!

SECRET POCKET KNOWN ONLY TO YOU KEEPS PRECIOUS
PAPERS AND MONEY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES!

The LEATHERCRAFT CO.
Dept. 52
364 Main Ave.,
Clifton, N. J.

Gentlemen:
By return mail, rush me my hand colored, coin holder zipper
billfold containing the patented SECRET POCKET. Upon
arrival, I will pay the postman \$1.50 plus federal tax, postage
and C.O.D. charges. If I am not fully satisfied, I can return
the billfold within ten days for a full refund.

My billfold selection is _____ (Circle No. & Style)
If ordering more than one, state how many and style numbers.
MY NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

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ALL THESE
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- ★ NUDE
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GET SET For Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—no *outlines*, *outplay* your own. Electric keys are each end of the playing field, and currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys *secretly* pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

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